

IDEAS.

Trips help to save from tumbles.
It is better to set a good example than to follow a bad one.
Some men's wisdom overflows because their capacity is small.
The great business of each generation is to train and provide for the next.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The London Vegetarian Association is feeding 6,000 children a week on three courses one penny dinners.
The special court at Dresden has granted Crown Prince Frederick, of Saxony, a divorce from Princess Louise, who eloped with M. Giron. The blame is officially placed on the Princess.
Protocols have been signed by the allied powers, England, Germany and Italy, and the blockading vessels have steamed away from the Venezuelan ports. Eight creditor nations headed by the United States and France will oppose the preferential demands of the allies before The Hague tribunal.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The legislatures of Illinois, Kansas, Tennessee and Wisconsin favor the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people.
The great blizzards in the North-west have been followed by intense cold, the thermometer ranging from 25 to 96 degrees below zero.
Bill allowing Sunday baseball was defeated in Indiana senate by action of one member in keeping pledge to his wife and refusing to vote.
General Booth, the Salvation army chief, was paid high honors at Washington. Pres. Roosevelt and Senator Hanna entertained in his honor.
The new Department of Commerce has been created at Washington which calls for another cabinet officer, George B. Cortelyou, at present secretary to the President, has been nominated for the new position, and his nomination confirmed by the Senate.
Lieut. General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the U. S. army, and party arrived in New York after a five months' trip around the world. Gen. Miles was especially impressed with the Japanese army and the Siberian railroad.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

The holding of the State Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic Department of Kentucky has been set for May 19 and 20 at Louisville.
The commercial coal mined in Kentucky during last year was 6,121,266 short tons, an increase of 1,056,551 tons over 1901. The output and increase are the greatest for any year in the State's history.
Chas. E. Sugg, county superintendent of Henderson county, who has announced himself as candidate for State superintendent of Public Instruction subject to the forthcoming Democratic State primary, has the strong and unqualified endorsement of the papers of his county.
Following the example of the Jefferson and Carroll county fiscal courts, which appropriated \$3,000 and \$200 respectively toward the \$100,000 St. Louis World's fair fund for the Kentucky building and exhibit the other fiscal courts over the State are generally expected to donate liberally to this fund at their next session.
Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, who was recently offered a Federal Circuit Judgeship by Pres. Roosevelt, and declined because he was pledged to support Mr. A. E. Wilson and Judge Duffell for the position, has been released from the pledges, and may again be offered the appointment. He refuses to say whether he would accept.
The building committee of the Kentucky Exhibit Association has, after two weeks careful study of the 102 drawings submitted to them by architects, selected the drawing which to their mind is the best of the whole number for the Kentucky building at the St. Louis World's fair. We expect in an early issue to give our readers the privilege of looking at a picture of this building as it will appear when finished. The building will cost \$40,000.

A YEAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By PETER STANDAFER, Co. 1, 28th Inf. Special to THE CITIZEN.
Higan, P. I., Dec. 23, 1902. I have now had a year's experience in the Philippines as a soldier and can look back upon some hard times and some good times. On Dec. 13, 1901, we landed in the Philippines at Bacore, about six miles from Manila. It was a strange sight to me to see the trees and grass green and growing as in the summer at home. We went from Bacore to Dasmarias, about two miles distant. I was expecting that we would have a battle with the Filipinos at any time, but after we had been at Dasmarias a week or two, I decided there was no more danger than there was at home plowing in the outfield. I very soon got acquainted with all the natives in that neighborhood. I learned to talk their language a little and began to have a good time with them. Often I went out hunting when I wasn't busy at quarters, and stopped at one of their bamboo shacks to get a lunch. They would kill a chicken, and boil some eggs and rice. Rice is their favorite dish.

We were quartered at Dasmarias for four months without doing a thing. We then started on a hike to Batangues province in search of General Malvar, one of the insurrectionist generals. A body of about 10,000 American soldiers were soon concentrated at Lepa, bent on capturing Gen. Malvar, who was thought to be hiding in the Labaw mountains with a large force of insurrectionists. The start was made at once. Hiking over those big mountains put me in mind of squirrel hunting in the mountains of Kentucky. On this hike we saw some of the terrible things which are connected with war. Everything that was standing in the shape of a house or crop was burned, and men and women and children were taken prisoners. No less than 200,000 bushels of rice were burned. The first sergeant, three or four other soldiers and myself took a small bunch of prisoners, and thirteen women with all sizes of children. When we camped that night it was very cold, and before morning the whole bunch died from the exposure. We made natives carry our grub and gathered up ponies along the trails to carry our blankets, leaving us nothing to carry except our guns and 100 rounds of ammunition. In this way we hiked for thirty-three days over those trails and ravines, but not an insurrectionist could we see. Finally we gave it up, and returned to where our garrison was stationed, and remained there until Oct. 5.

We were then ordered to Mindanao Island, about 600 miles from Manila. Upon reaching Mindanao Island we were stationed at Higan. Major Bullard's battalion of the 28th infantry, which includes companies I, K, L and M, and two companies of the 10th infantry, are now at work building a road from here to Lake Mindanao. The road will be 25 miles long, and is through rocks and mountains. We have already been working two months and have only completed about 5 miles of it. In the five miles completed there are fourteen bridges. When finished to Lake Mindanao the road will be of great benefit to the natives and all those who have settled or may settle here.

I do not believe that any more American soldiers will be killed here in battle for everything is calm and quiet now. There are lots of wild deer and wild boars here and about 100,000 monkeys. This is a good corn country, and lots of watermelons and sweet potatoes can be raised. The timber here is fine—the trees ranging from 100 to 200 ft. in height, and not a knot to be seen.

I have a friend here from Berea by the name of Fred Lumsford, who is second cook in Company L. He is getting supper now. Fred and I have good times together talking about the ups and downs we used to have in old Jackson county. Fred says this three years' experience in the army will teach him to stay at home, where he can get a good square meal once in a while. I, too, shall be glad when my time is out and I can come home and go to work for myself, and not have somebody to boss me around all the time.

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A good paper 50 cents a year

FUN AND FACTS.

Woman's Tale.
Husband—But, my dear, we can't afford to give a dinner party.
Wife—I know we can't, but if we don't give it everybody will know we can't afford it.—New York Evening Journal.
The Latest.
T. A. Robinson has added the latest improved optical instrument for testing the eyes. He makes no mistakes.
Too Much Diet.
"Why don't you try dieting to reduce your weight?"
"Dieting? Why, that's the way I got fat!"—New York Evening Journal.
Eggs and Hides.
J. H. Neff, opposite Joe's, Richmond, pays highest cash price for eggs and all kinds of hides.
The Standard.
"You can't judge a man by his clothes."
"No. If you desire to make a correct estimate of his importance get a look at his wood pile."
Something New.
T. A. Robinson, Richmond, has fitted up new optical parlors, where he will test your eyes free.
The Woman of It.
She—How did Alice happen to marry that man with one arm?
He—Oh, it's that crazy she has for remnants. She thought he must be a bargain.—New York Times.
Dog License.
People owning dogs in the town of Berea will please call on the town marshal or E. L. Robinson, town clerk, and pay their license and receive tag.
If license is not paid at once and tags put on the dogs will be killed.

GREAT SWEEP OUT SALE.

A chance which you get only once in two or three years. Don't miss the chance.
Prices on Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's shoes cut as follows:
\$3.50 shoes at \$2.95
3.00 " " 2.45
2.50 " " 2.15
2.00 " " 1.65
1.50 " " 1.20
1.25 " " .95
See our counter of \$3, \$1 and \$5 shoes for \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.
Great reduction on Hats and Underwear. Sale closes on Feb. 28.

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Shoes, Umbrellas, etc., Repaired.
Agent for Regal Shoes.



WHERE ARE THE EYES
that are perfect in structure and function?
Not one pair in a thousand are free from defects of some kind. Some are so slight that the wearing of glasses is not necessary. In other cases the temporary use of
EYEGLASSES OR SPECTACLES
will correct defects. A test will decide what must be done. It is made here free of cost.
We carry a large assortment of eyeglasses and spectacles and can fit simple cases immediately.

T. A. Robinson,
Optician and Jeweler
Main Street, Richmond, Ky.

My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."
W. D. Quinn, Marseilles, Ill.

One thing is certain,—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.
\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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Work of all kinds done in a workmanlike manner at reasonable prices and with dispatch. All work guaranteed by

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OPPOSITE BURDETTE'S MILL.

A WHITE VEST

Fashion says the up-to-date man should wear a white vest. It is for all dress up occasions both day and evening—for church, calls, parties, and every time or place that requires a man to look his best.
Ours are the newest styles direct from New York, and are beautiful garments at low prices.

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Try one; nothing else will so brighten up your wardrobe at such trifling cost.

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Manufacturers Fancy Roller Flour
Corn Meal Ship Stuffs Crushed Corn, Etc.
Our "GOLD DUST" Roller Flour will be hard to beat
"PRIDE OF MADISON" is another Excellent Flour

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Day Phone, 73. JO. S. JOPLIN, Richmond, Ky.
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The Boy Giant Goes Skating on Thin Ice

Copyright, 1901, by Caroline Wetherell

Ah Grim longed to learn how to skate,
But Jack said: "With ice in this state?
Now, wait till I find
A pond to my mind,
For you are a terrible weight."

But Grim did not heed, as he should,
He made himself big skates of wood
And stole to the pond
The town just beyond,
O'er which skimmed the whole neighborhood.



And rashly Ah Grim skated out,
The crowd gave a horrified shout.
The ice it was thin,
And all tumbled in,
Disturbing some somnolent trout.

And there had been drowning, 'twas clear,
Had not Grim, though trembling with fear,
Helped all to escape,
Though awful the scrape
When Jack of the thing chanced to hear.



How Did the Egg Get There?

Steep an egg in vinegar for some time, when the shell will become perfectly soft and pliable. It can then be put into a very small necked bottle. If water be afterward poured into the bottle, the egg will regain its proper shape and consistency and will puzzle many as to how it got into the bottle.

The Zoo Race.

The animals thought they would have a race.
The monkey was referee;
The bull was stakeholder, for, as he said,
It was his nature to be.
The camel got a hump on the prize;
The lion ran with might and mane;
The tiger stood off, for a beast of his stripe
Was not to enter again.
The elephant took his trunk along
In case he won the prize;
The peacock was starter and misad no one,
For, you see, he was all eyes.
Some spotted the leopard for winner sure;
The old ones chose the gnu,
While those who leap to conclusions quick
Bet on the kangaroo.
The ostrich plunged himself on his speed;
All tried the record to wreck;
The hippopotamus blew his own horn,
But the giraffe he won by a neck.
—Baltimore American.

A Toy Electroscope.

Some very pretty experiments may be made with the simple apparatus herein described. An ingenious boy can make all the necessary preparations and without expense.

Get a piece of wire about six inches in length and bend two inches of it down at right angles. Then bend the other end also at right angles, but in a direction opposite to the first.

Place the upper horizontal branch of the wire on the rim of an ordinary glass tumbler and let it hang there so that the vertical part of the wire shall not touch the inside of the glass. Over the lower branch of the wire band a piece of tin foil and then place on top of the glass an ordinary tin plate.

Now what you have to do is to electrify the tin foil, and this you can do by rubbing the glass rod or a stick of sealing wax with a woolen cloth and holding it close to the tin plate, when the two ends of the tin foil will fly apart suddenly. This shows that you have electrified the foil by means of the electricity awakened in the glass rod or sealing wax by rubbing it.

V. M. C. A. STATE CONVENTION.

Largest Ever Held in the South.

Special to The Citizen.

Lexington, Feb. 16.—The State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Ky., which was held in Lexington, from the 14th to the 15th of this month, was the largest ever held in Kentucky or in any Southern State. The delegates representing associations in every section of the State numbered 520, and of these 171 were from college associations. On Friday night the student delegates, presided over by Dr. Wm. Goodell Frost, President of Berea College, held their special conference in the First Baptist Church. Stirring speeches were made by Dr. Frost and by Pres. Jenkins of Kentucky University and others. After the Conference an elegant banquet was given the delegates by the ladies of the church.

The various sessions of the Convention were every one intensely interesting and given up to the discussion of important topics. The Convention was addressed by such prominent men as Fred B. Smith of Chicago, L. D. Wishard of New York City and S. D. Gordon of Cleveland. (The people of Berea and vicinity remember with pleasure and profit the addresses given here by Mr. Gordon two years ago.) The music of the convention was furnished by the Henderson Male Chorus, one of the finest musical organizations of the South.

The culminating session of the Convention came Sunday afternoon in a meeting for men only, held in the opera house, and at which all the men in Lexington were urged to be present. In response to this invitation by three o'clock every seat was occupied. The meeting was addressed by Fred B. Smith on the subject "The Supper of Death," and for over two hours he held the closest attention of his audience. Not a man left the building. At the close of the services when the opportunity was given 95 men pressed forward and expressed their determination hereafter to live for Christ.

Outside of the Lexington association the association of Berea College sent the largest delegation, being represented by 20 students. Next Sunday will be observed as Kentucky Day, and every association in the State will listen to reports of the Convention as given by their delegates who were present.

THE REVIVAL.

With the evangelist, Rev. Howard W. Pope, of the Northfield Extension Work, the revival meetings were held Feb. 3 to 15. About 150 accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. The subjects used by the Evangelist were as follows:

TOPICS DAY SERVICES.

- The Woman of Shunem. 11 Kings 4:8.
Our Debt to Mankind. Rom. 1:14.
Holding Out. Heb. 7:25.
Introducing Religion. Col. 3:16.
Wisdom of Soul Winning. John 15:16.
Eternal Life. John 17:3.
Prevailing Prayer. Gen. 32:26.
Double Portion Spirit. 2 Kings 2:9.
Winning Souls. Acts 17:30.
Filling of the Holy Spirit. Acts 1:8.
Personal Work. John 1:45.
Grace Conquering our Infirmities. Acts 3:6.
The Church in Ephesians.

TOPICS NIGHT SERVICES.

- Necessity of Faith. Contrast Matt. 13:58 and Mark 7:26.
The Deceitful Heart. Jer. 17:9.
Sin Finding Us Out. Num. 32:23.
Justification. Rom. 5:1.
God's Attitude towards Ungodly. Heb. 12:29.
Conversion. Matt. 18:3.
Christ at the Door. Rev. 3:20.
Regeneration. John 3:3.
Great Things: Love, Salvation and Gift Fixed.
Two Opinions. 1 Kings 18:21.
Classes at the Crucifixion. Luke 23:35.
The Great White Throne. Rev. 20:11, 12.

THREE GATES OF GOLD.

If you are tempted to reveal a tale some one to you has told about another, make it pass before you speak, three gates of gold.

Those narrow gates—first, "Is it true?" Then "Is it needful?" in your mind give truthful answer, and the next is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last it passes through these gateways three, then you may tell the tale, nor fear what the result of speech may be.

SELECTED.

THE HOME.

AUNT JEMIMA'S VIEWS.

"Well," said Aunt Jemima, coming in one day and unrolling her knitting as she sat down, "I've been visiting and I've come home with a bad taste in my mouth. 'Twasn't anything I ate that made it either, for I must say Samantha Jones is about as good a cook as you ever see. No, the dinner was mighty nice, but 'twas the talk."

"The talk, Aunt Jemima," I exclaimed with horror. "Why, I know Samantha Jones would never use any bad language and her husband never swears nor lets the boys."

"Oh, their language was all proper enough. 'Twas just what they said. Couldn't mention anyone but that they had something bad to say about him. If they didn't know anything mean, they'd guess folks didn't know all about him yet. It just naturally riles me to hear every one run down so."

"I don't see why people can't pick out the good things in their neighbors to talk about and just keep still about the bad ones. The sun does a heap of good, if he does have some spots on him; and maybe he feels worse about them than anyone else does. Now instead of telling me about Billy Smith getting drunk last Saturday, why couldn't Lem Jones tell me what a good worker Billy is and how good he is about helping his mother, and then just go quietly to Billy and have a nice kind talk with him about his drinking and tell him how it would break his mother's heart for him to take to bad ways. That's the way my Bible reads at any rate."

"But no, it just went on that way all day,—what this one did, what he oughtn't to and what that one didn't do that he ought, till I'm all wore out. I do hate gossiping like pizen."

"Aunt Jemima," said I, as she paused for breath, "who is talking about their neighbors now?"
"Well," returned the old lady, "I've done some mighty good preaching, if I haven't been doing much practicing. And, at any rate, Samantha Jones is a powerful good cook."

JENNIE LESTER HILL.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

WEATHER BUREAU.

Voluntary Observers: Meteorological Record for week, ending February 17, 1901 at Berea Station.

Maximum 67°	February 13.
Minimum 38°	February 17.
Rainfall 2.92 in.	
Snowfall 6 in.	Feb. 16.
	F. D. CARR.



DR. HOBSON, Dentist
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STANDARD GRAND, SWELL, FROST, LOCK AND CHAIN STITCH. TWO MACHINES IN ONE. BALL BEARING STAND WHEEL.

We also manufacture sewing machines that retail from \$12.00 up. The "Standard" Rotary runs as silent as the tick of a watch. Makes 800 stitches while other machines make 200. Apply to our local dealer, or if there is no dealer in your town, address THE Standard Sewing Machine Co.,

24 West First St., Cincinnati, O.

S. E. Welch, Jr., Local Agent.

THE SCHOOL.

LETTERS TO TEACHERS.

NO. III.

An excellent way to begin a school is to make an occasion of the first day. Invite the patrons of the district, have a program, and invite each one to take some part. The children will also have their parts upon the program, songs may be sung, a recitation or two given, and remarks made by the patrons upon the topics previously given out by the teacher. These topics should be on educational lines, as for example—the importance of regular attendance, promptness, attention to studies, care of books, and other like subjects. The principal speech should be made by the teacher, who will call attention to the points made by the patrons. In this way you will lead them to say first the things that you wanted said in regard to attendance, giving you an opportunity to emphasize and enlarge. It is well known that patrons are often careless about the attendance and promptness of the children, and this may be a valuable lesson to them as well as to the school. You can appeal directly to the parents to encourage regular attendance, to have the children there on time in the morning and not allow them to stay at home upon frivolous pretenses. You can call attention to the scarcity of books and the poor economy of sending children to school without plenty of material to work with. As it would not be good economy for a farmer to employ a hand and send him out to the field to work without the proper tools, so it is a grievous waste to send children to school and lose the precious hours of youth for lack of a few books that would cost only a dollar or two at most.

Think carefully over the needs of this particular school, and let them be clearly seen by the patrons. Have your appeals indorsed by one or more of the most influential men or women of the district, and you will not fail to arouse interest and secure good results. This program may be carried out in the forenoon. The afternoon may be devoted to the organization of the school and classes, after which the children may be allowed to go home. The next day every thing is ready for the regular work of the term and school moves with a dispatch and earnestness that promises well. It only remains for the teacher to keep up his enthusiasm and zeal.

J. W. DINSMORE.

THE FARM.

THE FARM BUTTERMAKER.

(Continued from last week.)

This is the day of going back to the beginning of things. Hand made goods of all kinds are in demand and home products bring price that would not have been hoped for a few years ago.

The city resident wants his eggs direct from the producer, his poultry direct from the yards of the poultryman, his jams and jellies from the hands of the maker, and even in beginning to buy hand-made furniture of all kinds. He is willing to pay for these things almost any price because he wants to know he is getting just what he is buying.

This is not only true of large cities, but of smaller towns in every one of which there may be found families who will "pay an extra price for butter, eggs, poultry and 'goodies' made on the farm. We all want eatables "like mother used to make," or like we imagine she used to make, although perhaps the passing of years has made our remembrance of those things transform them into a remembrance of the famed nectar and ambrosia with which the heathen gods were supposed to regale themselves. Possibly we remember with the palled appetites of those who indulge in highly seasoned foods how we liked the things we once got to eat when our appetites were unspoiled, our digestive organs in perfect condition and we were apparently like Bob Burdette's boy, whose appetite went clear down into the ground.

Whatever may be the cause of the demand or the reason for it, the fact remains there is a growing and insistent demand for farm made foods, and butter made as it is possible to make it on the farm will never lack for an opportunity to sell at a price that will make the business of manufacturing it a very profitable one.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute, because it kills the microbe which ticks the mucous membrane, causing the cough, and at the same time clears the phlegm, draws out the inflammation and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs, Colds and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless and good alike for young and old. For sale by East End Drug Co.

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The Citizen

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

How do you spend your money?

Are you saving it in a way to receive substantial benefit? Are you laying aside something for a "rainy day"? If not you will never have a better time to begin than now. To get quickly started begin the easiest way; come to

The Berea Banking Company,

And open an account. Do not wait for a large sum, for it may never come; just deposit whatever you have to spare, no matter how small the amount. We will gladly assist you in getting started.

Berea College

Founded
1855

PLACES THE BEST EDUCATION IN REACH OF ALL.

Over 40 Teachers and 900 Students (from 26 States). Largest College Library in Kentucky. NO SALOONS.

Applied Science—Two years' Course, with agriculture for young men and Domestic Science for young ladies.

Trade Schools—Carpentry, Printing, Housework, Nursing (two years).

Normal Courses—For Teachers. Three courses, leading to county Certificate, State Certificate and State Diploma.

Academy Course—Four years, fitting for College, for business and for life.

College Courses—Literary, Scientific, Classical, leading to Baccalaureate degrees.

Music—Choral (free), Reed Organ, Vocal, Piano, Theory.

We are here to help all who will help themselves toward a Christian education. Our instruction is a free gift. Students pay a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction, and must also pay for board in advance. Expenses for term (12 Weeks) may be brought within \$24.00, about \$15 to be paid in advance.

The School is endorsed by Baptists, Christians (Disciples), Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

For INFORMATION and FRIENDLY ADVICE address the SECRETARY.

WILL C. GAMBLE,

Berea, Madison County, Ky.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 22.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. xiii—Memory Verses, I—Golden Text, I Cor. xiii, 13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.]
1, 2. Though I speak with the tongue of men, and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

In the next two verses he says that no manner of testimony or service amounts to anything apart from love. As "love" and "charity" is the proper word, and it is so translated in the N. V., we will use it through this lesson. These first three verses might be summarized as Love versus prophecies, tongues, knowledge, faith, goods, etc., and the whole chapter might be entitled, Love contrasted, analyzed, defended. It is said to be the only chapter in all Paul's epistles that does not mention Jesus in one or other of His titles, but it is a portrait so wonderful that one cannot fail to recognize the likeness even without the name. The Lord Jesus combined all in Himself, the perfect man, and without Him we are nothing and can do nothing (Rom. vii, 18, John xv, 5). Until we are born again and thus become children of God nothing counts that we do, for "they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. vii, 5). Then after we are born again only that which God works in us will count, as we saw in last week's lesson, and "God is Love" (I John iv, 8, 16). Note the oft-repeated 1, 1, 1 of these verses and contrast Gal. ii, 20; I Cor. xiii, 13; "Not I, but Christ who dwells in me." "Not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

4. Love suffereth long and is kind, love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. What a perfectly beautiful section we have in these four verses, two of which we have quoted. Such love was never fully seen on earth except in Christ Jesus, and only so the full and lives in us can it be reproduced. Try to imagine a person who is always patient, never in word or look or act impatient, never in any way jealous or self-seeking, never under any circumstances provoked (I V.), never thinking or saying evil of any one, rejoicing only in things true and lovely and always meekly bearing, patiently enduring and ever hoping for the best, with a firm faith in God. It is too altogether lovely to come from earth, and it is not of earth; it is wholly heavenly. It is a description of Him who came down from heaven, who while He lived on earth for over thirty years was at the same time in heaven (John iii, 13), of whom it is written, "Verily, He is altogether lovely" (S. of Sol. v, 16).

A love never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

He says, "I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. iii, 6). He who says "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" is the One who said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." And He is the same yesterday, today and forever (Heb. xiii, 8, Jer. xxxi, 3). There will be no more need of prophecy, for every prophecy shall have been fulfilled. There shall be but one language, and all we now know by the word of God shall be actually realized in the kingdom.

9, 10. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. All that we know is found in the word of God, and there is to every statement and truth in such breadth and length and depth and height that we shall never while here grasp fully all that there is in any utterance of the Spirit. We may well say concerning these here but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him" (Job xxvi, 14, 15, V.). "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv, 18).

11, 12. For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face, now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known. When once the light and glory of heaven shine in our souls, the things which once occupied and interested us seem as the toys of childhood, and we wonder how we could ever have wasted our time on them. Yet all our knowledge is but partial. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, and not till He shall appear shall we be like Him (I John iii, 2). The question is often asked, Shall we know each other in heaven? Is not the answer found here? We do not know any one fully here, but we shall know them fully there, and those whom we know here we shall surely know better there. It refers to people as well as to truths. As Peter knew Moses and Elijah without an introduction, so I believe it shall be.

13. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love.

Faith looks to the great sacrifice for pardon, love to a risen Christ gives us fellowship with Him in suffering and service, while hope looks to His coming again. In 1 Thess. i, 3, p. 10, we see how they turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven, and so we read of their work of faith, labor of love and patience of hope. The love of God is the greatest thing ever seen on earth (John iii, 16; I John iii, 16; Rom. v, 8), and yet of all things the least understood or appreciated. On our part the greatest thing is faith, for "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi, 6), but love is the foundation of our faith, as it is written, "We have known and believed the love which God hath to us" (I John iv, 16).

Chickamauga.

CAPT. F. A. MITCHELL, U. S. A. AUTHOR OF "CHICKAMAUGA," ETC.

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After imparting his information Maynard went to his own camp, called for his horse, and buckling on his saber and pistol rode back to the camp he had left. He arrived just in time to join a reconnoitering party starting to ride over the ridge in the direction of Ring-



Tearing up the flooring

gold. Being in a private's uniform, he was not recognized by the men—his appearance was much changed by the loss of his beard—and fell in with the last files as though he belonged to the troop.

The squadron trotted up the road leading through a gap in the ridge and stood on a summit overlooking the Pea Vine valley. By the light of day Maynard looked down upon the landscape he had seen a few hours before; but, ah, how changed! Ten thousand men in gray were coming across the valley.

It is a solemn sight at any time to see an army moving to strike a foe. There was something in the silent movement—too far for him to hear the tramp of the men, advancing over the intervening space, still wearing its summer robes of green—to remind him of a thunderclap rising in a clear sky. There were compact columns of infantry steadily marching, while on either flank cavalry trotted forward, head up, like a troop of lions over jungle. Occasionally there came a confusion of distant sounds—orders—mere murmurings preceding the storm. The advancing host seemed rather a troop of specters, moving with the wind, an army of acrobatic spirits coming to scatter a phalanx from their still silent weapons.

This fancy vanished with the first few shots from the skirmishers. They were too real, too spiteful, to attribute to any but human agencies. Back goes the thin line of blue before the scattered Confederates in advance, supported by thick columns of dusty gray. No skirmish line would care to stand against these columns coming silently, not yet in presence of a foe worthy of a volley.

Suddenly there is a rumbling, shouting, a lashing of horses in Maynard's rear. Turning, he sees a Union battery, drawn by horses, galloping up the slope from the bridge. Dashing into position, the horses are swarming around, pointing the muzzles of cannon toward the advancing host. The guns are unlimbered. There is a boom, followed by a shrieking shell arcing toward the heavens and dropping with a sound like an exploding rocket over one of the advancing columns.

The shot produces a change in the disposition of the closely packed Confederates as a turn of a kaleidoscope alters the combination of colors. The closed columns halt, quickly extend wings on either side, joining tips, each while deploying, resembling the scattered line, from tip to tip, of some huge distant bird. Now they are in line of battle and once more move forward, while the Union battery drops shells in their extended and less vulnerable ranks. Marching over open fields, crossing gullies, now lost in a wood, to appear upon its other edge, breasting creek and road, a slowly drawing coil, a line of the "ribbed sea sand," a streak of dust before a rising wind, the southerners move steadily forward. Before them the Union outposts give way, retreating under cover of their guns.

What are these funeral-looking wagons driving up and being stationed at different points, those men, with a strip of red flannel about their arms, scattering themselves over the field? To the young enthusiast for war in the distance, who has been impatient to see a battle, these wagons, those men marked with red, composing the ambulance corps, getting ready to take care of dead who have not yet been killed, wounded who have not yet been hit, bring the first realization of what war means. There is none of the harsh music of battle about these grim looking wagons, these men waiting for victims, to brighten the eye and send the blood coursing through the veins. They go about their work in a methodical fashion that dampens ardor as water quenches fire. They mock a soldier's ambition for glory. There is something in the calculation, the preparation, to remind him that, after all, the gold face, the feathers, the martial music, are but to cause him, like the pampered sacrifice, to forget what he is for—to be shot.

But Mark Maynard was a veteran and had seen all this before. He gave the ambulance corps a single glance, and then, looking toward a group of Union officers partly concealed from him by the smoke of the battery, saw one of them, with the stars of a brigadier general on his shoulder, peer northward through a fieldglass. Turning his eyes in the same direction, he could see a light cloud rising west of Ringgold. He watched it and observed that one end of it was trending toward a ford, north of Reed's ridge. The officer soon shut up his glass, and in another mo-

ment aids were galloping away to give orders to retreat. A column of Confederates, extending for miles, were marching to the ford to turn the Union left, and no time was to be lost in getting the little force back to the bridge.

There is a quick lashing of guns, and skirmishers, cavalry, gunners, all hurry back over the ridge. At the bridge they find two regiments ready for any duty to which they may be assigned. They are directed to hold the ford to which the column of dust is moving. Protected in that direction, the force at the bridge awaits more confidently the coming of the advancing Confederates.

They have not long to wait. The skirmishers, a thin line of gray, are soon seen scurrying over the ridge like light scattered clouds before a "white storm." The main line of gray is still tramping over the Pea Vine valley, keeping the slow pace of their heavy guns. The Union men do not wait for the stronger force. They turn upon these skirmishers and drive them back through the gap to their more slowly moving comrades.

Mark Maynard, following with the rest, soon again found himself on the ridge. There, in the valley below, was the line of battle he had seen, but nearer, a crescent-shaped line extending from the bank of the creek above the ford across the northern end of the ridge into the Pea Vine valley. Battle flags appeared above the line at regular intervals. Each one of 15 flags Maynard counted, indicating a regiment. He knew that the little Union force east of the Chickamauga could not stand against what appeared to be at least a division of infantry, with a very strong force of cavalry. Nor was he wrong. The seetheing swirl round as if moved by the arms of a Titan, moving with its sharp edge the opposing Unionists. They were sent flying back to the bridge and hurriedly put themselves into a position to defend it.

They are ready for the storm when it breaks, meeting it with artillery and charges of cavalry. The Confederates are driven, but by this time their artillery has been got forward and posted at a point north of the bridge, where it can sweep the valley of the creek, the bridge and those whose purpose it is to defend it.

Now there is imminent danger. Will the little force on the east bank get over, or will it be cut off and captured by these overwhelming Confederates? It can only be saved by one portion charging the enemy while the others are moving by two the bridge will stand no more across the structure.

Among those who charged and recharged to keep off the gray coats swarming upon them on that eventful morning, always in the advance, in the spirit of the foam that precedes the billowing rolling upon the sand, Mark Maynard was ever present. As each wave rolled from the margin of the Chickamauga broke upon the southerners and reeled a number of the Union troops had passed the bridge.

Maynard waited till every man was over. Then, stepping on the bridge, he joined a party who were tearing up the flooring to prevent the enemy from following. At last these left for the shore, and he remained alone. As heard after heard came up the Confederates pushed nearer, but still he worked on. Ballots sang to each other as they passed from east to west and from west to east, while the air was thick with interminable explosions. At last all was done that could be done. Whether his action had so excited the admiration of his comrades that they had no heart to shoot him or whether an overruling power would not let him die, he at last turned about and joined his comrades.

He had been exposed as never before, as he might never be again, but he had not met death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NINETEENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

Seldom has an army been in a more critical position than the Army of the Cumberland at this juncture. The Confederates overlapped the Union front on the north by half a dozen miles, and between Confederates and the Chattanooga road leading from what was both the Union left and rear into Chattanooga there were only small bodies of cavalry. Bragg had but to overwhelm these, cross the Chickamauga and march a few miles westward to seize this road and throw himself between his enemy and that enemy's base—Chattanooga. It was his intention to cross Reed's bridge by 8 o'clock in the morning with one column, and Alexander's bridge, a few miles above, at the same hour, the two columns to join and seize the coveted road, attack Crittenden's left, while a third Confederate column, crossing at Dalton's ford, would attack him in front. Crittenden once crushed under these combined forces, as it was expected he would be by noon, the whole Confederate army was to overwhelm Thomas, still ten miles distant, leaving McCook, 20 miles away, to be finished later on.

There was nothing on the left to prevent the execution of this attractive plan but the two bodies of cavalry at Reed's and Alexander's bridges. Eight o'clock came, and they were not overwhelmed. The sun stood high over the valley of the Chickamauga, and still the Confederates had not crossed at either of these two points. The defenders of the bridges were a swarm of hornets flying in their enemies' faces, with many an effective sting. At noon they were still stinging. It was not till 3 o'clock in the afternoon that the defenders of Alexander's bridge were forced to give way, and those at Reed's bridge only retired on learning that the other had been captured by the enemy. So the morning and the afternoon passed, and when evening fell but 8,000 Confederates had been thrown across. What was to have been executed on Friday, the 18th of September, must be deferred till the next day. Will it then be too late?

The moon is lighting up the field, the woods, the summits of the two ridges including the valley of the Chickamauga and 100,000 soldiers. The air is cold

and crisp, and myriads of campfires are scattered over the valley as a reflection of the starry heavens upon the bosom of a lake. All night the moon gleams upon the steel of the two sleepless armies—the Confederates pushing across the Chickamauga, the Unionists marching to cover their unprotected left. Many a soldier casts his eye up into the serene heavens and remarks the queen of night looking down upon him, so pale, so cold, so dead, as if in mockery of his own animate being and prophetic of what may come for him on the morrow.

From the southward comes the tramp of dust-covered men in line. At their head rides one who before the sun twice was to make first rank among the heroes of Chickamauga. Thomas is leading his men from a distant point far beyond Crittenden to the exposed left and rear, to the Chattanooga road—the road commanding the line of communication of the Army of the Cumberland. It must be a forced march, for the time is short and the distance is great.

From the eastward the Confederates are pushing across the Chickamauga. Every available passage is occupied, but there is little left of the bridges, and it is slow and hazardous work at the fords. Large bodies of men are like streams. They now easily across open country, but become choked in narrow ways. Yet the work goes on. It is a long night—long for these men wading through water or standing in the chilly hours past midnight in wet clothing. It is an eventful night, for if they get across in sufficient force, and the way is still unblocked as yesterday, the fate of the Union army is sealed.

At midnight Maynard lay under a tree trying to catch some sleep. The exertion of the day would have been all for he was exhausted, but his position as to the army with which he had to place was bridging him like a hot iron. A few days before, and he would have been leading his brigade through these stringing scenes. Now he was not even a private soldier. He was an outcast, a wretch too detestable for the respect even of moral codes and strikers of tempests, of the grasping horde of army followers, whose object was to cheat the soldier and rob the dead.

The moon, finding a convenient opening in the tangles above him, looked at him in a way that to a measure quieted him. What an absence of turned on her surface! No guns near her valleys; no armies content for the possession of her rugged ridges. The thought for a moment chased away his desire for oblivion. He shuddered at her nothingness. The scenes through which he was passing seemed far preferable. He was in the midst of man's coveted action. While that lasted he could not for long be plunged in despair. Thank heaven, he was permitted to seek solace in such turmoil, such roaring of guns and yelling of men as had come and were coming.

Toward morning his thoughts became less intense, less clear. The sounds coming from a troop of horses picked near became more and more confused. The snore of men resting after a day of hard fighting lost their vigor. The branches above him twined indistinctly. He slept.

He was awakened by the sound of a gun. It was broad day. He started up and listened. Then came another dull boom, then another, and in a few minutes there was the rapid firing of a battle on the left. Surely that is not the little body of cavalry in whose ranks he had fought the day before.

Mounting, he rode toward it through a partly wooded, partly open country. The fields were gray, but the woods were still green. Then there was the odor of the morning in the country and the chirping of birds hunting for their breakfast. It would not be long before that perfume must give way to the smell of gunpowder, before the chirping of the birds would be drowned by the sounds of musketry and artillery.

Meeting an aid-de-camp riding at full speed toward the south, he called out, pointing in the direction of the firing, which he could now discern was on or near the Chattanooga road: "Who's there?"

"Old Pap, with two divisions," Maynard uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"How did he get there?"

"Marched all night."

"March force in his front?"

"You bet! I'm going for re-enforcements," and in a moment he was out of sight.

A courier came dashing from the opposite direction.

"What news from the right?"

"The head of McCook's column is at Crawfish Springs."

"Good. The army is safe for the present. The game is balked."

Striking the road leading to Alexander's bridge, he found himself in rear of the Union line of battle that had open-



Tearing up the flooring

ed on the left. A force hurried by to the support of comrades at the front. The ground he was on had just been fought over and dead and wounded scattered everywhere. Entering a wood, he pushed forward through it. A young soldier, a boy of 18, was sitting on the ground, supported by a tree, gasping for breath. A red stream running down his bosom showed that he had been shot

through the lungs. "You are thinking of home, my boy," muttered Maynard and pushed on. An officer lay in his path and begged him for his achievement, "Colonel, it will give me pleasure to recommend you for promotion to the rank of brigadier!"

"General!" He awoke and saw Jakey Slack looking down on him. It was he who had spoken the word "General!" "General," said Jakey as he saw his friend's eyes open, "it's been a hard fight."

Riding on, Maynard met an officer he had known intimately. Without thought of his altered condition the degraded colonel waved his hand in salute and cried out, "How goes the battle, major?" The officer passed by with a look which Maynard never forgot. It sent the hot blood mounting to his cheeks. He could have cloven the man's skull with his saber. But there was no need of that. Was there not an enemy at the front? Yes, and there was death. He dashed on and arrived at one of the hottest points on the left just as a line of cavalry was moving to a charge.

Joining them, he rode down into a storm so wild, so fierce, so full of destruction that surely he thought the coveted death must come. But the gaps in the ranks were to his right, to his left, anywhere, everywhere, except where he rode. And when the troops with whom he fought came out of the fight Mark Maynard was still among the living.

So opened the battle of Saturday, Sept. 19. Throughout that day Maynard rode wherever he saw that grim specter hovered. At times he was with the cavalry, at times he would dismount, and leaving his horse in the rear go forward with a musket. On one occasion, catching the enthusiasm of battle, he was forgetting his mission when the officer of the regiment with which he fought recognized him. The two had been at enmity.

"Leave these ranks!" Maynard turned, saw that he was addressed and whom addressed him. Throwing down his gun, he turned away. Again he was tramping through a green field on the flank of a regiment when he saw a division general inspecting the men as they passed forward to an attack. He recognized the general who had sent the spy to him. Their eyes met. Maynard had by this time come to see through the device by which the other had led him into his present position and regarded the officer steadily. The man turned his horse's head and galloped away. There was one man in the army who did not care to look him in the eye.

The day passed with a succession of blows upon an army still too "strong out" for its own good. But they were all successfully resisted. Whoever a place was weak some brigade or division was sent to strengthen it, usually leaving a place where it had been. But all damage repaired, at least the damage on which being detected. The damage to the dead and thirsting wounded scattered along the line for miles could never be repaired. It could be counted and laid down accurately in the official reports, but who can count or repair the hearts broken with every charge, every defense.

And so the sun went down over a field on which there was no victory, no defeat, only suffering and death.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMING OF THE RESERVES.

The night has come again. The smoke has rolled away from the battlefield of Chickamauga. There is neither sound of cannon nor musketry, except here and there an occasional picket firing. There is another sound within the dark forest where Thomas' men are resting—the sound of the woodchopper's ax. The commander in chief of the Confederates hears it and knows, with a general's quick perception, that another chance of destroying his enemy is passing. He cannot enter the forest at the dead of night to stop that chopping, and he knows as he hears hundreds of axes replacing the more appalling sounds of the day with the clatter of their blades, and now and again some great tree crashing through its neighbors, that by morning his enemy will be entrenched behind breastworks.

Maynard bivouacked on Thomas' line. The two armies lay too near to each other to light telltale campfires, and as all equipment had been sent to the rear and blankets were scarce the army spent the night shivering. The wood was too thick to see anything above the lower branches. The men needed sleep, but it would be as easy to sleep on the battlefield as in the continuous clatter of these axes. Besides distrust had come upon the whole army. It was an anxious night to the generals, and the men partook of the solicitude of their commanders. It was known that the enemy had been re-enforced from Virginia, Knoxville and other points. It was rumored that Bragg was coming, but Bragg did not come. To a natural fatigue was added that more appalling weariness of being constantly in the presence of death and the certainty that when the soldier should rise in the morning the grim specter would rise with him to hunt him for another day.

There is a streak of gray in the east. The commander in chief of the men in gray listens for the sound of guns in the hands of those he has ordered to begin the attack at daylight and which are to be assigned for others. The struck brigade; they come; the sun rises; it is 8 o'clock. Still all is silent along the line. It is only a mistake, only an order not received or misunderstood by the general who was to lead off, but in that mistake is involved possible failure. With all the famed generalship on the field of battle what is it, after all, that turns the tide except the mistakes?

Mark Maynard and that Sunday morning was lying with his body in the dirt and his head on the root of a tree. He dreamed that he had just come in from making a charge at the head of his brigade and was approaching his commander to report a glorious success; that the general said to him after thanking him for his achievement, "Colonel, it will give me pleasure to recommend you for promotion to the rank of brigadier!" "General!" He awoke and saw Jakey Slack looking down on him. It was he who had spoken the word "General!" "General," said Jakey as he saw his friend's eyes open, "it's been a hard fight."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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